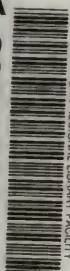


A

0  
0  
0  
5  
3  
3  
4  
4  
3  
3



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE  
SPLENDID DAYS  
M. W. Cannan

University of  
Southern  
Library

a/n

UCSB LIBRARY

X-38200



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

THE  
SPLENDID DAYS  
POEMS

BY

MAY WEDDERBURN CANNAN

OXFORD

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., FOURTH AVENUE  
AND 30TH STREET

M CM XIX

*By the same Author*

*IN WAR TIME.* B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, 1917

To B. B. Q.-C.





To B. B. Q.-C.

*The Song Royal.*

ALL beauty and all glory I have known :  
The steadfastness of stars : and gentleness :  
The young clean courage of the hill-born streams :  
The tenderness of twilight : daffodils :  
The joy of apple orchards : the sea winds  
Strong in the sails of ships : June's happiness,  
June shyly proud fulfilling Winter's dreams.  
Dawn on the downs : the sure strength of the hills :  
The everlasting comfort of the sea :  
All these are mine because you have loved me :  
All these you loved, and dying, gave to me.

All beauty and all glory I have known :  
True love : which is unshaken happiness :  
And courage : in the splendour of our days :  
And tenderness : in the dear things we said :  
And truth : in your true kisses on my lips :  
And safety : in your heart's strong gentleness :  
And faith : in the sure faith of our love's ways :  
And hope : in our new hope that was the old :  
And joy : in our love's utter certainty :  
All these are mine because you still love me :  
All these, though you are dead, you give to me.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
To B. B. Q.-C., The Song Royal . . .	5

## PART I

' Since were beloved of you ' . . .	10
Paris-wise . . .	11
The Armistice. In an Office, in Paris. . .	12
Paris, November 11, 1918. For G. A. H. . .	14
The Old Army, The Special Reserve, The O.T.C., and the Territorial Force . . .	15
For a Girl. Paris, November 11, 1918 . .	17
The Menin Road . . .	19
Paris Leave . . .	21
' Now I will make new happy songs ' . .	24
The Day's Work. Dedicatory for an Office Maga- zine . . .	25
English Leave . . .	26
Courage . . .	27
Death . . .	28
Fulfilment . . .	30
Dusk . . .	31
Young Adventure . . .	32
After . . .	33

	PAGE
A Queen Passes . . . . .	34
Stars . . . . .	35
Friendship, 1919 . . . . .	35
Possession . . . . .	36
To — . . . . .	36
To Certain Men . . . . .	38
‘ These Lovers ’ . . . . .	40
At Dawn . . . . .	41
A New Song . . . . .	42
Soldier-Love . . . . .	44
‘ When I Shall Come ’ . . . . .	45
Good-night . . . . .	46
In the End . . . . .	46

## PART II

‘ These were the Splendid Days ’ . . . . .	48
For a Wedding in Oxford in Time of War . . . . .	49
A Letter . . . . .	54
For <i>GRACE</i> . December 1917 . . . . .	56
Love. For a Girl . . . . .	57
To H. D. P.-T. Born after the War . . . . .	59
Flying. July 1918. For — . . . . .	60
Houses. For <i>GRACE</i> . . . . .	61
‘ She I love ’ . . . . .	62
‘ Now there were Three Women who Loved ’ . . . . .	64
For One Wise . . . . .	67
A London Lyric . . . . .	69

	PAGE
The Guards' Camp, Wimbledon Common . . . . .	70
An old Song . . . . .	72
'It's a Spring Morning' . . . . .	73
The Golden Age . . . . .	74
For — . . . . .	75
France. To C. M. A. O. . . . .	76
Peace Celebrations, July 19, 1919 . . . . .	78
Women Demobilized, July 1919 . . . . .	79
'When the Vision Dies' . . . . .	80

## PART I

*SINCE* were beloved of you  
Not the Laughter alone,  
But the Dream and the Tears,  
Since you rode not wholly alone  
The difficult years :  
These for you are alone,  
And the Joy, and the Tears.

Since to us both in France,  
Most royally alone,  
Came the Dream and the Days,  
Since I go not wholly alone  
The difficult ways :  
These for you are alone,  
And the Love, and the Days.

*Paris-wise*

**H**ERE in Paris you and I  
Laugh so that we shall not cry :  
Says Paris, very wise in years,  
‘ Laugh, for no man will love your tears.’

*The Armistice**In an Office, in Paris*

THE news came through over the telephone :  
 All the terms had been signed : the War was  
 won :

And all the fighting and the agony,  
 And all the labour of the years were done.  
 One girl clicked sudden at her typewriter  
 And whispered, ' Jerry's safe ', and sat and stared :  
 One said, ' It's over, over, it's the end :  
 The War is over : ended ' : and a third,  
 ' I can't remember life without the war ' .  
 And one came in and said, ' Look here, they say  
 We can all go at five to celebrate,  
 As long as two stay on, just for to-day ' .

It was quite quiet in the big empty room  
 Among the typewriters and little piles  
 Of index cards : one said, ' We'd better just  
 Finish the day's reports and do the files ' .  
 And said, ' It's awf'ly like *Recessional*,  
 Now when the tumult has all died away ' .  
 The other said, ' Thank God we saw it through ;  
 I wonder what they'll do at home to-day ' .

And



And said, ' You know it will be quiet to-night

Up at the Front : first time in all these years,

And no one will be killed there any more ',

And stopped, to hide her tears.

She said, ' I've told you ; he was killed in June '.

The other said, ' My dear, I know ; I know . . .

It 's over for me too . . . My Man was killed,

Wounded . . . and died . . . at Ypres . . . three

years ago . . .

And he 's my Man, and I want him,' she said,

And knew that peace could not give back her

Dead.

*Paris, November 11, 1918*

*For G. A. H.*

DOWN on the boulevards the crowds went by,  
The shouting and the singing died away,  
And in the quiet we rose to drink the toasts,  
Our hearts uplifted to the hour, the Day :  
The King—the Army—Navy—the Allies—  
England—and Victory.—  
And then you turned to me and with low voice  
(The tables were abuzz with revelry),  
' I have a toast for you and me ', you said,  
And whispered ' Absent ', and we drank  
Our unforgotten Dead.

*But I saw Love go lonely down the years,  
And when I drank, the wine was salt with tears.*

*The Old Army, The Special Reserve,  
The O.T.C., and the Territorial Force*

THESE beyond all the others now  
Remember we and praise,  
Who first learnt war before the War  
In the old careless days ;  
And through the laughter and the jests  
Went lone laborious ways.

These beyond all the others kept  
Us from the Last Mischance,  
Who in the first hot August went  
Simply to Death in France ;  
The while those Later learned, and so  
Won their deliverance.

These were not moved by Wrong or Woe  
Nor Orders of the years,  
Nor dead men's silence, who were first,  
Before the volunteers ;  
Who died at Mons, on Marne and Aisne,  
At Ypres and Armentières.

These

These fought in desperate days, nor saw  
How this the end should be,  
These without help held the long Line  
For men they could not see ;  
Nor saw the new Battalions come  
Who now have victory.

*These beyond all the rest to-day  
Remember we and praise,  
Who learned of war for this our War  
And died in the dark days ;  
Whereby Young Love and Hope are met,  
Whereby our Honour stays.*

*For a Girl*

*Paris, November 11 1918*

GO cheering down the boulevards  
And shout and wave your flags,  
Go dancing down the boulevards  
In all your gladdest rags :  
And raise your cheers and wave your flags  
And kiss the passer-by,  
But let me break my heart in peace  
For all the best men die.

It was ' When the War is over  
Our dreams will all come true,  
When the War is over  
I'll come back to you ' ;  
And the War is over, over,  
And they never can come true.

Go cheering down the boulevards  
In all your brave array,  
Go singing down the boulevards  
To celebrate the day :  
But for God's sake let me stay at home  
And break my heart and cry,

B

I've

I've loved and worked, and I'll be glad,  
But all the best men die.

It was ' When the War is over  
Our dreams will all come true,  
When the War is over  
I'll come back to you ' ;  
And the War is over, over,  
And they never can come true.

*The Menin Road*

WHEN you went up and down the Road,  
The Menin Road, in the Great War,  
I wonder if you ever thought  
Of me, that was so very far.

And when you lay on windy nights  
And watched the clouds blot out the blue,  
I wonder if you thought at all  
Of the dear things that we should do.

Oh, I remember it was spring  
And you went riding in a wood,  
Did violets blow then, in the days  
Before I understood ?

And it was Summer once, at Mons,  
Hot nights of August panting still,  
And you were tired beyond all thought,  
And there was nothing left, but will.

I'll never know the things you thought,  
Nor half the things you used to say,  
Only, you were at Ypres—and Loos—  
And fought there, upon such a day.

But somehow it's on Winter nights  
I see you take the Road again,  
When all the earth was bursting shell,  
And all the sky was pelting rain.

I used to lie awake and think,  
And think, about the Old Front Line,  
But that was long ago, and I  
Had no right then to call you mine.

And I'll be very glad, My Dear,  
When your strong hands hold mine once more,  
But oh, my heart is sad because  
I never rode with you to war.



*Paris Leave*

**D**O you remember, in Paris, how we two dined  
On your Leave's last night,  
And the happy people around us who laughed and  
sang,  
And the great blaze of light.

And the big bow-window over the boulevard  
Where our table stood,  
And the old French waitress who patted your  
shoulder and  
Told us that love was good.

(We had lingered so long watching the crowds that  
moved

In the street below,  
And saying the swift dear things of Lovers newly  
met,  
That she had guessed us so.)

I remember her smile, and the ring of your spurs  
On the polished stair ;  
And the touch of your hand, and the clear  
November night,  
And the flags everywhere.

I remember

I remember the Concorde, and the fountains' splash,  
 The black captured guns ;  
 And the grey-haired men with their wives who wept and kissed, and  
 The lovers of their sons.

And the French girls with their poilus who linked their hands  
 To dance round us two,  
 And sang '*Ne passeront pas*', till one broke loose and flung  
 Her arms wide and kissed you.

She was all France that night, and you brave Angleterre,  
 The unfailing friend ;  
 And I cried, ' Vive la France ', and we told each other again  
 The War was at an end.

It was so hard to believe it was really won,  
 And the waiting past ;  
 That the years wherein we knew death were under our feet,  
 And our Love crowned at last. . . .

I remember

I remember most now the faces of the girls,  
And the still, clear stars.

*We said we were glad later lovers would never know  
The bitterness of wars.*

The lamp of the courtyard gate was bright on the  
old

Ribbons on your breast ;

And the songs and the voices died down the  
boulevards.

*You said that Love was best.*

*‘ Now I will make new happy songs ’*

NOW I will make new happy songs  
That you have taught to me,  
Of windy nights in Paris town,  
Of stars in Picardy ;  
But best of all when Summer comes,  
My Dear, for you and me.

Now I will make new happy songs  
That you have taught to me,  
Of English roses born in June,  
Of dreams in Picardy ;  
But best of all in early June,  
My Dear, for you and me.

Now I will make new happy songs,  
For you will come to me  
Safe with the sunlight on your sword  
From fields of Picardy,  
To go with me, My Dear, and teach  
The song of songs to me.

*The Day's Work*

*Dedicatory for an Office Magazine*

WE bring you merchandise  
From near and far,  
Who have grown very wise  
And old in War.

We know our hearts' desires,  
How strong they be :  
We would build our camp-fires  
From sea to sea.

We know our hands, their power,  
These too we give :  
And our lives' little hour  
Whereby we live.

We bring small merchandise  
When all is said :  
We pray our day's work buys  
Our daily bread.

*English Leave*

KNEEL then in the warm lamplight, O my  
Love,  
Your dear dark head against my quiet breast,  
And take me in your arms again and so  
Hush my tired heart to rest ;  
And say that of all glories you have won  
My love's most dear and best.

Only to-night I want you all my own,  
(To-morrow I will laugh and bid you go,)  
That if these fourteen days of heaven on earth  
Are all the love-time we shall ever know  
I may remember I am yours : My Dear,  
Hold me still closer, still . . . and tell me so.

*Courage*

WHEN Hope was fled,  
Then Courage came, and said,  
‘ I will lift up your head,  
Who with Love watched the bed  
Of your dear Dead,  
And he go comforted ’.

*Death*

LORD, since you let him die and did not save  
My own dear Love for me,  
And since my heart has gone to him  
Over in Germany,  
I only have one prayer to make  
To you for him and me.

That you will give him in your Heaven  
(Dear Lord, I know him well),  
Neither the harps nor floors of gold  
Of which I have heard tell,  
Nor jasper nor onyx palaces,  
Nor fields of asphodel.

Give him some windy seaport town  
With cliffs and tumbled shores,  
And a swift boat with big brown sails,  
And a great pair of oars ;  
And a wind sweet-scented from the land,  
And the sun bright on grey tors.

Give him a horse to ride, bare fields,  
And the dear friends he knew,  
And in the springtime flowers to find  
And distant hills, all blue ;

And



And violets for the memory  
Of things we used to do.

Give me June roses when I go  
To meet him, for the rest,  
That he, young, splendid, strong, may crush  
Red roses to my breast,  
And kiss my lips again, and so  
Find love in Heaven best.

*Fulfilment*

DEAR, since you've gone across the other  
 side  
 (Beyond the stars, men say), you'll wait for me  
 Who only wish I also could have died,  
 And ask of God that he  
 For love will make the waiting not too long :  
 And if I'm old  
 And you still young and strong,  
 And all the laughter has gone from my eyes  
 And from my hair the gold ;  
 You will devise  
 Quickly some way to come to me, and fold  
 Me in your arms again, and kiss away  
 The loneliness that breaks my heart to-day.  
 And afterwards, since God is very kind  
 And we have only had our twenty days,  
 Perhaps together he will let us find  
 Down the blue waterways  
 The wedded love we had no time to know :  
 And if I'm sad  
 (And you loved laughter so),  
 You'll kiss my lips to laughter back again,  
 My eyes to make them glad ;

Until

Until the pain  
That is a sword across the joy we had  
Is but a flame of glory in our bliss,  
The dear true passion of our lovers' kiss.

*Dusk*

NOW in the evening every day  
When I have done with work and play  
And seek for sleep my room ;  
Low in the quiet gloom,  
After I've knelt to pray,  
I'll tell my Love what I have done all day.

*Young Adventure*

**I** KNOW why I've grown old : it is because  
     you died  
 Splendidly young : and when you went away  
 My youth went with you, lest you should ride one  
     day  
 On some new high adventure, and beyond any  
     friend  
 Your heart call mine (because the way was long,  
 Because the way was hard), who dreamed me  
     strong  
 To kiss good-bye and bless the journey's end.  
 And if my youth had stayed on earth with me,  
 With me who am so very tired and sad  
 (So tired that April cannot make me glad,  
 That bugles in the morning break my heart),  
 I might (though I would also play my part  
 Bravely, since you once called me very brave)  
 Kiss with less courage than I used to do.  
 My heart you had, my life, and when you died  
 I became old : I sent my youth with you.

*After*

**D**EAR, since it was for England that you died  
 Who so adored her, I will love her still ;  
 But when all 's hushed save lapping of the tide  
 And lights are yellow on Polruan hill,  
 You'll understand  
 That since I cannot reach to you my hand  
 And say ' how beautiful ', and after say,  
 ' We have been very happy all to-day ',  
 My love for her has grown a little sad :  
 And though, remembering, I will be glad  
 When all the ships hang out their riding lights,  
 I shall not count them now that you are dead,  
 But wonder what you do in Heaven o' nights  
 And lift my eyes beyond the hill instead,  
 And wonder which of all the stars I see  
 Is the new star you have hung out for me.

*A Queen Passes*

I AM a Queen who have your love for crown,  
And so go royally through the world of men ;  
Who have my dreams for soldiers ; for my shield  
Our days that live within my heart again ;  
For council the brave certainties of youth,  
Love's wisdom that we knew—  
Oh, I'll go royally Queen with these until  
Death gives me back to you :  
And then I'll lift the gold crown from my head  
And laugh to be the girl you loved instead.

*Stars*

WE looked at Orion one cold night—  
Very still in the blue  
Were the stars that are his Belt and Sword,  
The only stars I knew—  
The stars that God set in His sky  
Ages ago for you,  
Since you were a soldier-lover, and died,  
And a girl gave her heart to you.

*Friendship, 1919*

WHEN Love came to me she was glad  
Though she had seen her true love die :  
Her eyes were very quiet and sad,  
I never saw her cry,  
Until my own Love died, and she  
Bowed her brave head and cried for me.

*Possession*

THEY tell me I possess my heart  
 Most marvellous quietly ; that 's not true,  
 Because I gave my heart away,  
 My Very Dear, to you :  
 And being so possessed I know  
 The strength your brave heart knew.

*To —*

IF you should die first of us two  
 Who went the same hard way,  
 I'll only ask your heart to hold  
 This of our yesterday ;  
 That you will speak some words for me  
 To my Love when you may.

(You'll find him as he looks for me  
 O' nights at Heaven's Gate) ;  
 Tell him my heart comes quick to him  
 Though God keeps me so late :  
 Tell him I love, and in his love  
 I have grown strong to wait.

Tell



Tell him my hands go out to him  
With every sun that sets ;  
Tell him all kissing's done on earth  
Before my mouth forgets :  
Tell him my tears are hot for him  
Upon his violets.

Tell him his name is on my lips  
With every wakening breath ;  
Tell him he has killed fear for me  
Who have no fear of Death :  
Tell him my heart remembers him  
As Love remembereth.

*And say he brought great joy to me  
Who come as quickly as may be.*

*To Certain Men*

*Who were old in a time of War and held belief in Young Love*

YOU had met Life and Death before  
We reached our proven days,  
You said the things that kept our hearts  
Unhurt in Beauty's ways.

You did not lift your hands and cry  
Shame on our young estate,  
Nor hold we were, as many held,  
Weak, vain, degenerate.

You saw the world your manhood made  
Go crashing down to dust,  
And give us for our steadying  
Ungrudgingly your trust.

You who will never see your sons'  
Sons take their heritage,  
Give us your grief to go with us  
In the long wars we wage.

You

You know the Dream to which we hold  
In our most lonely state,  
And from your sorrow turn to us  
Whose hearts are desolate,

And tell us that there is no life  
For memory too long,  
That Love is always with the Loved,  
The Battle to the Strong,

And keep belief in our young love,  
Whereby, made doubly sure,  
We hold the pledge our Lovers gave  
Through which we go secure.

‘*These Lovers*’

THESE lovers love in happy-wise  
 And are secure,  
 Through this our present sacrifice  
 Which doth endure :  
*Beyond the fires*  
*Of Love's desires*  
*Our love is sure.*

These lovers love and have no fear  
 Within their bliss,  
 Because my Love died yester-year  
 To give them this :  
*The love we've known*  
*Lives not alone*  
*In hand or kiss.*

These lovers love, and know the ways  
 Of groom and bride,  
 Because upon their wedding-days  
 We lonely ride :  
*Be sure we know*  
*How Love doth go*  
*Whose Lovers for Love died.*

*At Dawn*

ALL night I tossed, troubling my heart  
What next with life to do :  
Wond'ring what you would wish, and could not  
sleep  
The long dark through :  
But when the dawn came very still and cold,  
Painting the window blue,  
And the new hope went out to meet the old,  
My heart was hushed and knew  
(Though you are dead and all our love is vain,  
Heart of my Heart, to bring you back again)  
That first of all things left for me to do,  
Though you are dead, is simply to love you.

*A New Song*

IT'S very far from Waterloo  
 To Rouen in the rain,  
 Southampton over to Le Havre  
 Where the Drafts entrain :  
 It's not so far for loving hearts  
 To fields of Picardy,—  
 I took some roses to a man  
 That his girl gave to me.

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,  
 Our hearts have gone before,  
 We'll thank the little gods who send  
 Us nearer to our War :  
 It's not so far from Rouen town  
 To fields of Picardy—  
 I've seen the wounded men come down  
 To sleep in Normandy.

It's very far from Waterloo  
 Out to the cruel Rhine,  
 It's farther still to Heaven's Gate  
 For sad hearts like mine :  
 Victoria, Folkestone, and Boulogne,  
 The way all lovers know—  
 We used to see our men go out,  
 But they'll not let us go.

Pull

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,  
 Our hearts have gone before,  
 We'll thank the gods that give us jobs  
 To tidy up the War :  
 And English loves sleep soft and sound  
 In kindly Picardy—  
 But my Love lies in lonelier ground  
 Over in Germany.

It 's very far from Waterloo  
 To London where they dance,  
 It 's not so far from Heaven's Gate  
 Across in broken France :  
 Southampton over to Le Havre,  
 We used to know the way—  
 We used to see the Drafts go up  
 Where we'll go up to-day.

Pull out, pull out from Waterloo,  
 We'll get back to our war,  
 Our hearts are over with our men  
 Who will come back no more :  
*And English loves sleep soft and sound  
 In kindly Picardy—  
 But my Love lies in lonelier ground  
 Over in Germany.*

*Soldier-Love*

TIME will fold all our darling love away,  
The beauty and the splendour that was ours  
Will later lovers take to light their day,  
And wear for one another our own flowers.

But far beyond the passion Paris knew  
Hot-footed on the journey to blown Troy,  
They'll hold the love of soldiers such as you  
Who gave the Generations back to joy.



*‘When I Shall Come’*

WHEN I shall come through all the world  
at last

Upon some evening late,  
And Peter ask me what I did on earth  
That he should open for me Heaven’s gate,

I shall not try to think of all the things  
I did, and failed to do,  
But put my hands against my heart that is  
A brown bird singing at the thought of you,

And say I was a woman, and I gave  
One man all love I had,  
And he went out to the Great War and died,  
But since I loved him was made very glad.

And Michael, who is leader in God’s wars,  
Will take the golden key  
And say, ‘ I know her Soldier, let her in ’,  
And turn the lock, and swing the door for me.

And the great angels will lift up their swords  
For me as I go through,  
And turn back to their watch again, and I  
Shall hold your hands and be again with you.

*Good-night*

I'VE thought of you all day,  
And now night comes, and sleep—  
O dear dead Lover keep  
The love I've thought all day :  
*Dear Love, I've loved all day.*

My dreams are yours to-night,  
My dreams until I wake—  
O Soldier-Lover, take  
My lips to kiss good-night :  
*My Only Love, Good-night.*

*In the End*

WHAT shall I say when we shall meet again,  
O dear and splendid Lover of my heart ?  
What shall I tell of all the weary days,  
The long half-life on earth I lived apart ?  
I (being tired) will say that I loved you,  
And you will kiss me, knowing it is true.

## PART II

*THESE were the Splendid Days,  
 And they are fled,  
 Now go we lonely ways,  
 Our Loves are dead :  
 Only the vision stays  
 And the word said.*

*Now never Splendid Days  
 The years will bring,  
 Now go we lonely ways  
 Remembering :  
 Still with the Lover stays  
 The given ring.*

*For a Wedding**In Oxford in Time of War*The  
Church  
Tower.

GIVE greeting to you, Day, blue Day ; again  
 The young earth wakens singing after rain ;  
 The tall towers, rain-washed, tremble to the sky,  
 Much passes, much, great kings ride out to die ;  
 (Over the bridge there, one small hour ago.)  
 Old men teach wisdom gravely (row on row  
 Down in the halls there) ; young men with  
 bright eyes

Dream dreams, build Empires, triumph, agonize :  
 Silence : the dawn wind whispers, kisses the grass.  
 Much passes ; much ; but some things do not  
 pass—

Love, and June roses, and the hearts of men  
 Uplifted to blue mornings ; and again  
 Love, and girls' laughter : these are born anew—  
*Look, by the stream there, Love made ribbons blue.*

The  
Church.

Love built me hoping much, I keep Love still,  
 Those who kneel on my chancel steps take Love  
 for good or ill,  
 Richer or poorer : here in my solemn shade  
 d  
 Priests

Priests in white raiment join their hands together,  
 a man and a maid :  
 Out from my shadow they go to the sun, loving  
 and unafraid.

The  
 Flowers.

They called us beautiful and brought us  
 Up from the gardens here and wrought us  
 Cunningly round the stone :  
 Up from the gardens where we grew  
 White, the clear white of stars, and June day blue,  
 Left us alone :  
 But ' she is beautiful ' we heard them say  
 Who wakes this morning to her day  
 With one white rose her own.  
 Love 's in June gardens, every Lover knows ;  
*Hush, by the door there, myrtle ; myrtle, a rose. . . .*

The  
 Organ.

I am youth, I am hope, I am wonder,  
 I am dreams and all that 's thereunder,  
 I am winds, and dawn in high places,  
 I am water, swift water that races  
 And tumbles and turns to the mill :  
 I am night, night of stars in the pass,  
 I am scent of wild thyme in warm grass,  
 I am shadows blown over the hill :

I am

I am day, blazing day, on the sea,  
 I am flower of an old apple-tree :  
 I am love of a man for a maid,  
 I am ecstasy fearless, afraid,  
 I am trumpets that call and are still.  
 Come in through the heavy swung door  
 Where the sunshine gold-splashes the floor  
 To the love that endureth for ever,  
 To the joy that awaits you together ;  
 I call to you, call, and am still.

The  
 Bride-  
 groom.

No ! take away your cupids and the rest,  
 Your pale pink cupids with their silly shafts ;  
 Your lovesick maids would shiver in the blasts  
 Of a cold warring world. Now, love goes by  
 Bravely with sword on thigh,  
 And O my Love comes best  
 In white and blue and cloth of silver dressed,  
 And one hand warm on a rose.  
 Slowly the pale choir goes,  
 The organ speaks like drums,  
 The great door swings, she comes  
 Up from the darkling aisle—  
 Gaily she comes, with a smile,

Bravely as fits a bride :  
 And I turn and move to her side.  
 Silver, and white, and blue,  
 The world stands back . . . We two !

The Bride. This is the hour that long ago I knew,  
 For which was all the wonder of my years,  
 For which I have known laughter, difficult tears ;  
 Known high adventure, and the restless heart ;  
 For which I have gone friended, stood apart ;  
 Despaired, exulted, lived my splendid hours . . .  
 Music, and boys' clear voices . . . and white  
     flowers . . .  
 And his great sword . . . and all the world to  
     shake . . .  
 Stillness . . . my voice uplifted . . . his ' I take ' . . .  
 ' My troth ' . . . the ring . . . my finger slipping  
     through . . .  
 And all the world for us . . . we two . . . we  
     two ! . . .

The  
 Organ. Now that it 's over, ended,  
 Now is the vision splendid,  
 Now is the world begun.

Now



The  
Brides-  
maids.

Now that it 's over, ended,  
Take our love that befriended  
Life in the day that 's done.

The West  
Window.

Blue for her blue the June day sky,  
Silver for silver the rain gone by,

The  
Flowers.

*Look ! on his sword the sun.*

*A Letter*

SUMMER in England ! O My Dear,  
 I only wish that you were here :  
 The sky is very blue,  
 And there 's the river blue and green  
 With amber-coloured lights between  
 To float a small canoe :  
 And there 's a willow-tree for shade,  
 And tea and bread and marmalade,  
 Pale orange, for us two.

Do you know how the river runs  
 Far, very far, from Flanders' guns  
 Between the fields of hay ?  
 Right up above the Grey Stone Pool  
 Where the swift water tumbles cool  
 We might have gone to-day :  
 Gone past the weir above the Bridge,  
 And seen the sun on Hinksey ridge,  
 And water-rats at play ;

For once forgot the tides that break  
 Against our hearts, forgot to shake  
 The world, forgot to dream :

And

And seen the river running by  
The hills, mist-muffled, next the sky  
That all untrodden seem :  
And when the shadowed evening came  
With dripping paddles sun-aflame  
Dropped homewards with the stream.

Last night behind the apple-tree  
There was a baby moon to see,  
Silver and very far :  
And there were wallflowers drooping down  
To sleep, gay wallflowers gold and brown,  
And the dark deodar :  
The lilac, pale—you know the way  
Of a hot English night in May.  
There came one little star. . . .

*For GRACE*

*(December 1917)*

JOHN safe sleeping,  
The firelight creeping  
(Flicker and flare round the quiet room) :  
You in the chair,  
The light upon your hair,  
And your pearls ashine in the gloom.  
The moonlight 's a sword on the hills to-night,  
But the cradle ribbons are pink and white,  
You and the child and the brave firelight,  
And the warmth of the quiet room.

*Love*

*(For a Girl)*

SUCH a still night,  
With patient stars,  
And moonlight  
In level bars :  
O hush your heart, my dear, in spite  
Of the old scars.

You were so gay  
Who now are wise,  
No shadows lay  
Within your eyes :  
Only you're tired, tired, you say,  
Such sweet brave lies.

You walked with mirth  
Who now are sad,  
All the earth  
But made you glad :  
Sorrow and joy come at birth,  
But what have you had ?

Twenty years past,  
And all you'll miss

Comes

Comes at the last,  
A lover's kiss,  
Five days, a month,  
And you must fast,  
Your life's love, this.

A night of stars,  
And lonely, you  
Pray at God's bars,  
' Ah, let me through ;  
And one who wears Your battle's scars  
Shall welcome me for You.'

*To H. D. P.-T.*

*Born after the War*

**N**OW all the world is yours, the sun, the  
stars,  
And Life that's very sweet,  
And Happiness, won lately in the Wars,  
And Dream of Youth ; all these under your feet.

I who am poor in laughter bring the joy  
I folded safe away  
To make more glad the glad heart of a boy :  
My Youth's fulfilment I bring you to-day.

*Flying*

(July 1918. For —)

THE sunset was a glory in the West,  
Crimson, and scarlet red,  
But the night dark against the window-pane,  
Against the lintel and your bright bowed head :  
‘ The river is so very quiet to-night,  
And all the birds flown safely home ’, you said ;  
‘ There is a wind, and it is dark to-night ;  
‘ *Such a dark night for flying* ’, low you said.



*Houses*

*For GRACE*

YOU made a home for your son, and smiled  
to see

All in fair order set :

But when you made it (and I helped),

Our hearts could not forget

(Nor now as then)

The dear small homes we meant to make

With our two men :

With Love for our two men.

*‘ She I Love ’*

SHE I love is very fair  
With white roses in her hair  
And white roses in her breast,  
Her dear heart is all at rest ;  
Loved and loving she has been,  
But knows not what love's kisses mean.

I would kiss her mouth and hair  
And the sleeping soul of her,  
See her heart a flutter dumb,  
See her blushes go and come,  
See her face with love afire,  
Give her all her heart's desire,  
Tell her all the love I bear,  
Give her roses red to wear ;  
But her troubled eyes, I know,  
Would forbid my love, and so

I will only be her friend  
Patiently until the end,  
Never hold her hands and see  
Her eyes dark with need of me,  
Only kiss her finger tips,  
Not the scarlet of her lips.

So

So that if I fall in France  
She may only know mischance,  
Never bow a tired head  
For a lover cold and dead,  
Only say a friend has gone  
And in gentleness live on.

And the only prayer for me  
Is that when she wakens she  
May find love, nor ever be  
Lonely in her chastity.

*‘ Now there were Three Women who Loved ’*

SHE had known twenty years of married life  
And had borne children, been the happy  
wife

For twenty years of her man whom she loved.  
And life had moved

Gently with her, and when the War came he  
Was just too old to go : her son would be  
Sixteen next March : her girl was younger still.  
I do not think she dreamed of England till  
The first hot August shook her : then the War  
Was kept outside her individual door  
And she forgot the dream. But she was kind,  
I think the War was often in her mind.

We sat once in the twilight and I said  
Something about a Girl whose man was dead  
After six months of love. The two had seen  
Each other in his Leaves, and in between  
Had had each other's letters. And I knew  
He had adored her. She was twenty-two,

And

And loved him greatly. Life for her was done,  
 And she would never bear her man his son.  
 And when they said she would forget one day  
 And love again, this being the world's way,  
 Grave-eyed she faced them saying that would be  
 Of all that had been the great tragedy.

She said, ' It is most pitiful and sad,  
 The comfort is that it is not so bad  
 As if it were my husband that had died  
 (She had had twenty years at her man's side),  
 She's young and will forget ; she cannot know  
 What love is really. Youth thinks always so,  
 But still she *will* forget and love again,  
 And be the better woman for her pain.'

There was another woman known to me,  
 She had been six years married, and had three  
 Small boys. And her man went out to the War  
 At the beginning, and they loved the more  
 For the long separations, being still  
 Lovers in thought and word. She hoped until  
 Leaves came, and laughed through Leaves, and  
       would not say  
 Aught of the Fear she lived with night and day.

And when I told her this Girl's man was dead  
She thought a little, turned to me and said  
That she had had six years of Paradise,  
And if she could herself make sacrifice  
To the high gods, her heart would be so glad  
To give the girl half of the years she'd had.  
She was a truthful woman, and I knew  
That what she said that even she would do.

My Lords, the tale is told, and for the rest  
You shall give judgement which loved Love the  
best.

*For One Wise*

I PRAYED I might die young, feared I'd grow  
 old  
 And lose the hard-won laughter and the fire  
 And generous love of youth : the hot desire,  
 The exultations and the ecstasies,  
 The quiet after the long agonies,  
 The need to give and give, nor count the cost :  
 ' If I grow old ', I said, ' All these are lost.'

They made me pray that prayer, they sensible  
 And kind, O very kind, in their own way ;  
 They said, ' For your to-morrow live to-day ',  
 Called me quixotic, dubbed my captains fools,  
 Laughed at my palaces and worn-out tools ;  
 They said, ' He shall have comfortable years  
 Who neither greatly loves, nor hopes, nor fears '.

I hated them, and prayed I might die young,  
 And then quite suddenly I thought of you  
 Who are so very, very wise, and true,  
 And full of understanding, and not hard  
 (As youth is sometimes) ; and how you'd never  
 barred

The gate on high endeavour and great love ;  
 E 2 And

And how you'd laboured for us, and would move  
All earth to help us, infinitely kind  
And wise and mirthful for us ; and my mind  
Went slowly on to know that the great call  
To die for what we love comes not to all,  
That age, too, is fulfilment and youth's crown ;  
And all my bitterness was broken down  
Before the love and sorrow that you kept,  
And suddenly I wanted you, and wept.



*A London Lyric*

LONDON town in lilac-time,  
Take the train for Kew—  
Do the half a million things  
That we meant to do ;  
April's love and laughter,  
All the blooms of May—  
You who have your Man with you  
Give your lips away.

London town in lily-time,  
Roses blow in June—  
We once dreamed a million dreams  
Of our honeymoon ;  
Ship lights down the river,  
Star lights up above—  
You who have your Girl with you  
Kiss your heart's own love.

London town in lilac-time,  
Break your heart in two—  
London town in lily-time,  
God be good to you—  
Love lies dead a weary way  
Over land and sea,  
Rosemary and violets are  
The only flowers for me.

*The Guards' Camp, Wimbledon Common*

THE Eagles came from Rimini—  
 Came flaming golden up the hill—  
 All the long way from Rimini  
 Across the weald which standeth still.

And where the water bubbles up  
 In the old well and disappears  
 The cohorts halted one by one,  
 The red sun fired the steady spears.

And in the shaking July heat,  
 And in the gold November damp,  
 The people of the Surrey hills  
 Counted the fires that marked their camp.

And by the fires on winter nights  
 Under the shelter of the wall,  
 The Roman soldiers lay and spoke  
 Of bitter battles out in Gaul.

The slow years pass, and young strength fails,  
 And faithful steel grows red with rust,  
 And old heroic armies die,  
 Heroic dust goes back to dust,

But

But still, come home across the weald  
From bitter battles out in Gaul,  
A Legion sleeps beside the camp,  
And the Guards guard a Roman wall.

And far across the Surrey hills  
The blank hut windows burn and blaze,  
And the sun fires their bayonets now,  
And their feet shake the white highways.

For though years pass and young strength fails  
And dear Battalions march to die,  
The loyal legions hold the hill  
And their brave bugles wake the sky.

And these who safe in Surrey hills  
By favour of the gods are home,  
Keep still the Law whereby shall live  
Valour and Promise of our Rome.

*An old Song*

THERE are so many of us now,  
I and you and you—  
Who need's must set our teeth and face  
Whatever life may do, may do,  
Whatever life may do.

They think us hard because we laugh,  
I and you and you—  
Our men went laughing out to die  
So how else should we do, we do,  
So how else should we do ?

But when these Happy are not near  
Then I and you and you—  
May break our hearts and weep our loves  
As any girl must do, must do,  
As any girl must do.

*'It's a Spring Morning'*

**I**T'S a Spring morning, and April, and the  
world over  
Beautiful girls and their lovers wake and laugh  
with the sun,  
And flowers lift their heads, and thrushes call  
from the gardens,  
And the War, the War, is done.

They buried her soldier-lover, heaped the earth  
over,  
Beautiful girls and their lovers wake, but he does  
not stir,  
They buried him cold at night with Love and  
Youth and Laughter,  
And the sad, sad heart of her.

*The Golden Age*

WE were very young and in love with life  
 Five years ago ;  
 Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one  
 (And the years all go) :  
 And love was ours and the world lay under our  
 hands,  
 And we laughed that it was so.

We were very young and in love with joy  
 Before the war ;  
 Golden lovers we had, splendid and true  
 (They went to the War) :  
 And love was ours and life lay under our hands,  
 And we kissed and asked no more.

We were very young, we were very wise,  
 For love is best ;  
 Beauty and youth we lost, and then our loves  
 (For Death took the best) :  
 And life is ours and all we ask is life's ending,  
 To find them and so have rest.

*For —*

**Y**OUR heart was with your man beside  
The blue Aegean sea,  
But since I went to France you brought  
Roses to give to me :  
So I took English roses out to France  
And all that there might be.  
And my man died. I am so glad  
Your roses went with me.

*France*

(To C. M. A. O.)

YOU also know  
The way the dawns came slow  
Over the railway stations out in France ;  
And you have seen the Drafts entrain  
By the blurred lanterns in the rain,  
And wept the True Romance.

You've also gone;  
Dead tired, stumbling on,  
Over the pavé when the day was born ;  
And weary beyond sleep lain down  
And heard the clocks strike in the town,  
Most young, and most forlorn.

And you have met  
On lone roads in the wet  
Field Batteries trotting North, and stood aside  
And sent your heart with them to fight,  
And ridden with them through the night  
Until the pale stars died.

And you know too  
How a man whistles through  
The dark a line of some forgotten song ;

You've



You've seen the Leave Boat in, and then  
 Gone back to jest with broken men  
 Who once were swift and strong.

You know how black  
 The night sea tides surged back  
 On dock stones where the stretcher bearers  
     kneeled ;  
 And how the fog greyed the men's lips  
 And the red crosses of the ships,  
 And how the searchlights wheeled.

You've woke to see  
 Death hurtle suddenly  
 On to the hut roofs when the Gothas came ;  
 And watched a man by Love possessed  
 Fight through to morning, and go West  
 Whispering his Girl's name.

Wherefore I know  
 That you will serve also  
 The living Vision men call Memory,  
 And hold to the brave things we said,  
 And keep faith with the faithful Dead—  
 And speak of France with me.

*Peace Celebrations, July 19, 1919*

**N**OW is Young Love come home with Peace  
they say :

Scarlet and blue the great flags lift and blow—  
But I saw him ride out to War again,  
One windy dawn in Paris, long ago.

Now Valour is come laughing home they say :  
I saw him once go riding very slow  
Down the wet boulevard with Memory,  
When the King came to Paris, long ago.

*Women Demobilized**July 1919*

NOW must we go again back to the world  
Full of grey ghosts and voices of men dying,  
And in the rain the sounding of Last Posts,  
And Lovers' crying—  
Back to the old, back to the empty world.

Now are put by the bugles and the drums,  
And the worn spurs, and the great swords they  
carried,

Now are we made most lonely, proudly, theirs,  
The men we married :

*Under the dome the long roll of the drums.*

Now are the Fallen happy and sleep sound,  
Now, in the end, to us is come the paying,  
These who return will find the love they spend,  
But we are praying  
Love of our Lovers fallen who sleep sound.

Now in our hearts abides always our war,  
Time brings, to us, no day for our forgetting,  
Never for us is folded War away,  
Dawn or sun setting,  
Now in our hearts abides always our war.

*‘ When the Vision dies . . . ’*

WHEN the Vision dies in the dust of the  
market-place,  
When the Light is dim,  
When you lift up your eyes and cannot behold his  
face,  
When your heart is far from him,  
Know this is your War ; in this loneliest hour you  
ride  
Down the Roads he knew ;  
Though he comes no more at night he will kneel  
at your side,  
For comfort to dream with you.



UCSB LIBRARY

X-38200

University of California  
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388  
Return this material to the library  
from which it was borrowed.

---

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**A** 000 553 443 3

Univ  
S

nia